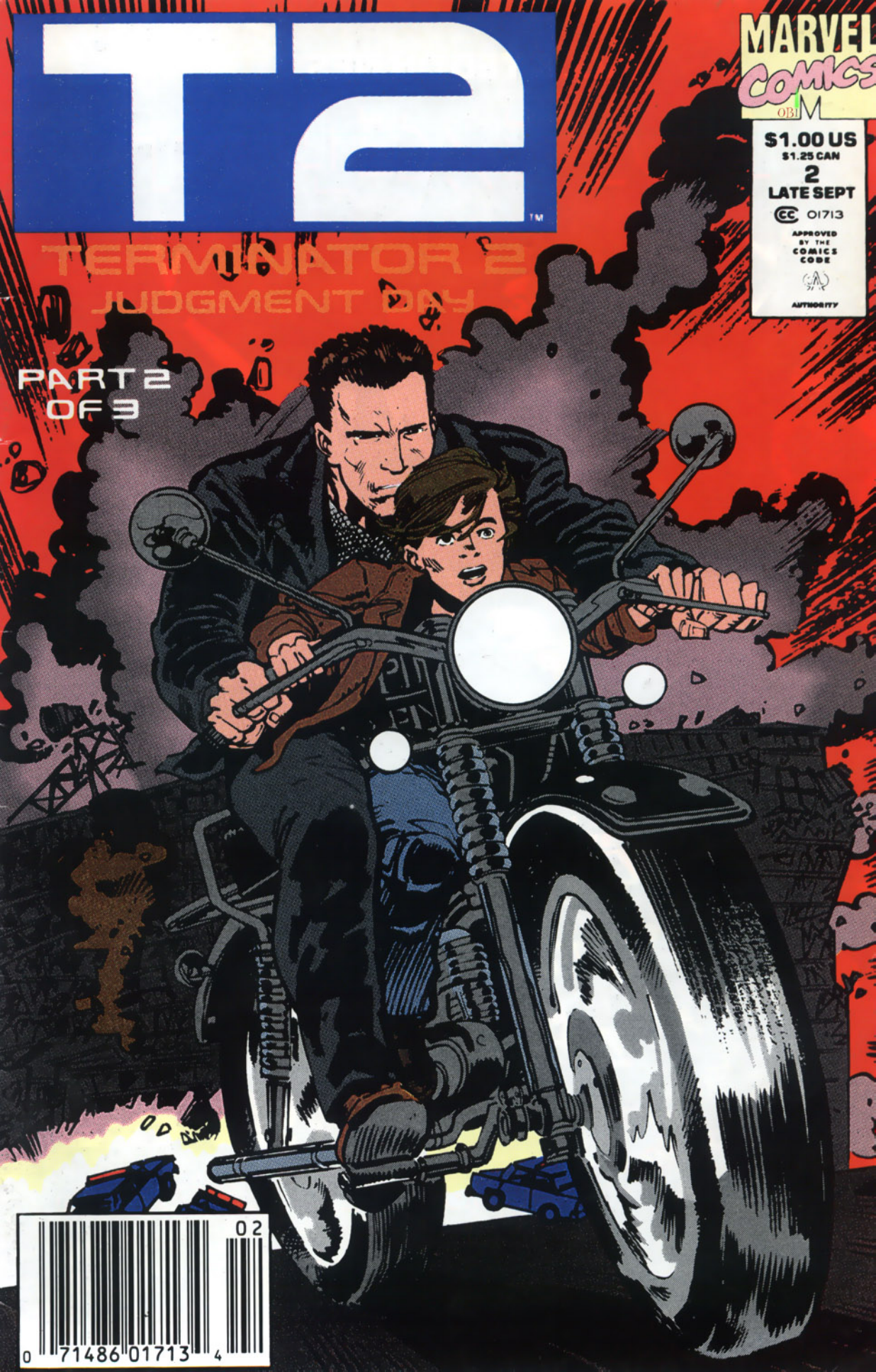
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JUDGMENT DAY
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PART 2 OF 3

TERMINATOR 2
JUDGMENT DAY

PART TWO
ESCAPE

Based on the screenplay by James Cameron & William Wisher

Adaptation: Gregory Wright Art: Klaus Janson Letterer: Jim Novak

Colorist: Christie Scheele Editor: Bobbie Chase

Assistant Editor: Chris Cooper Editor in Chief: Tom DeFalco

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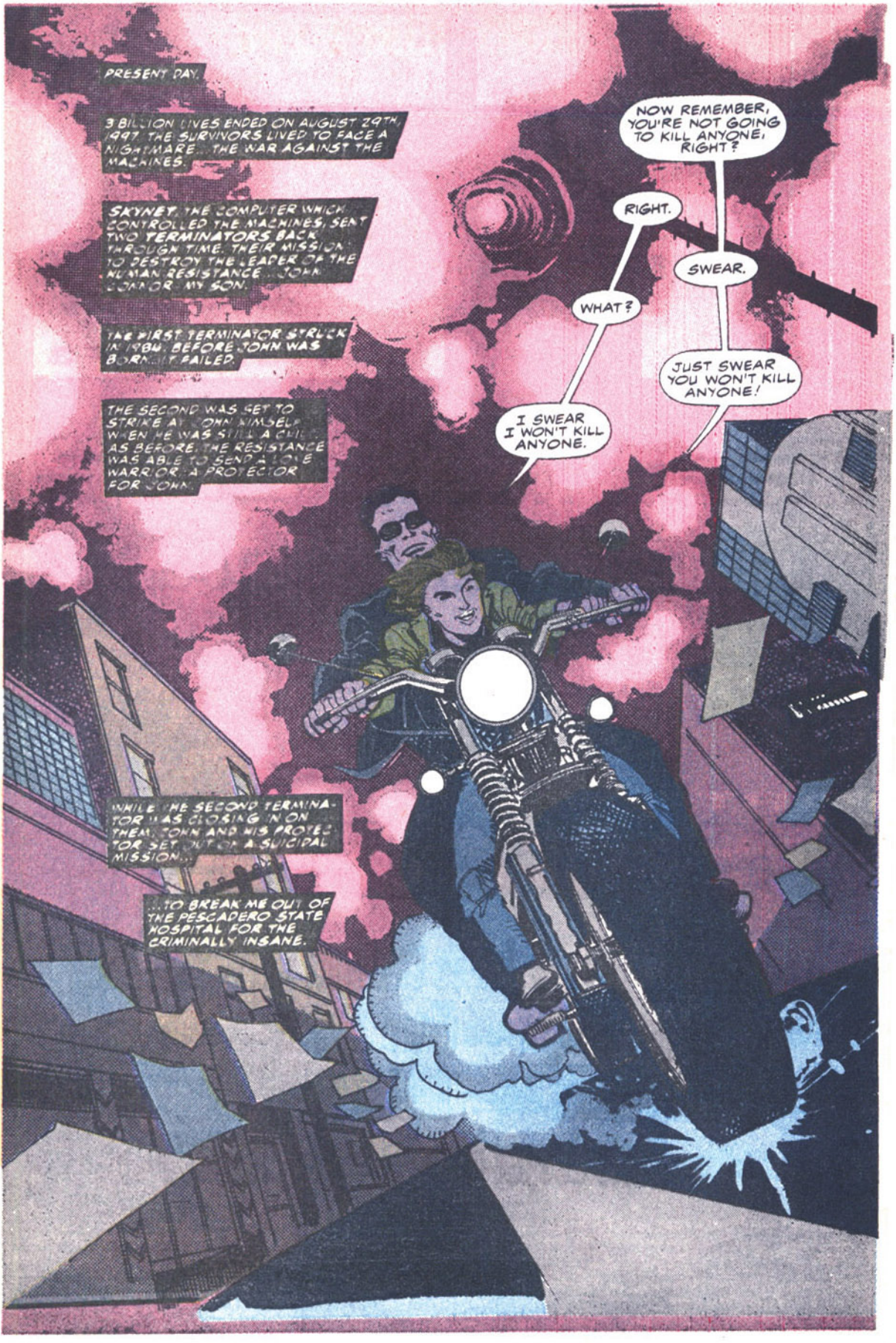
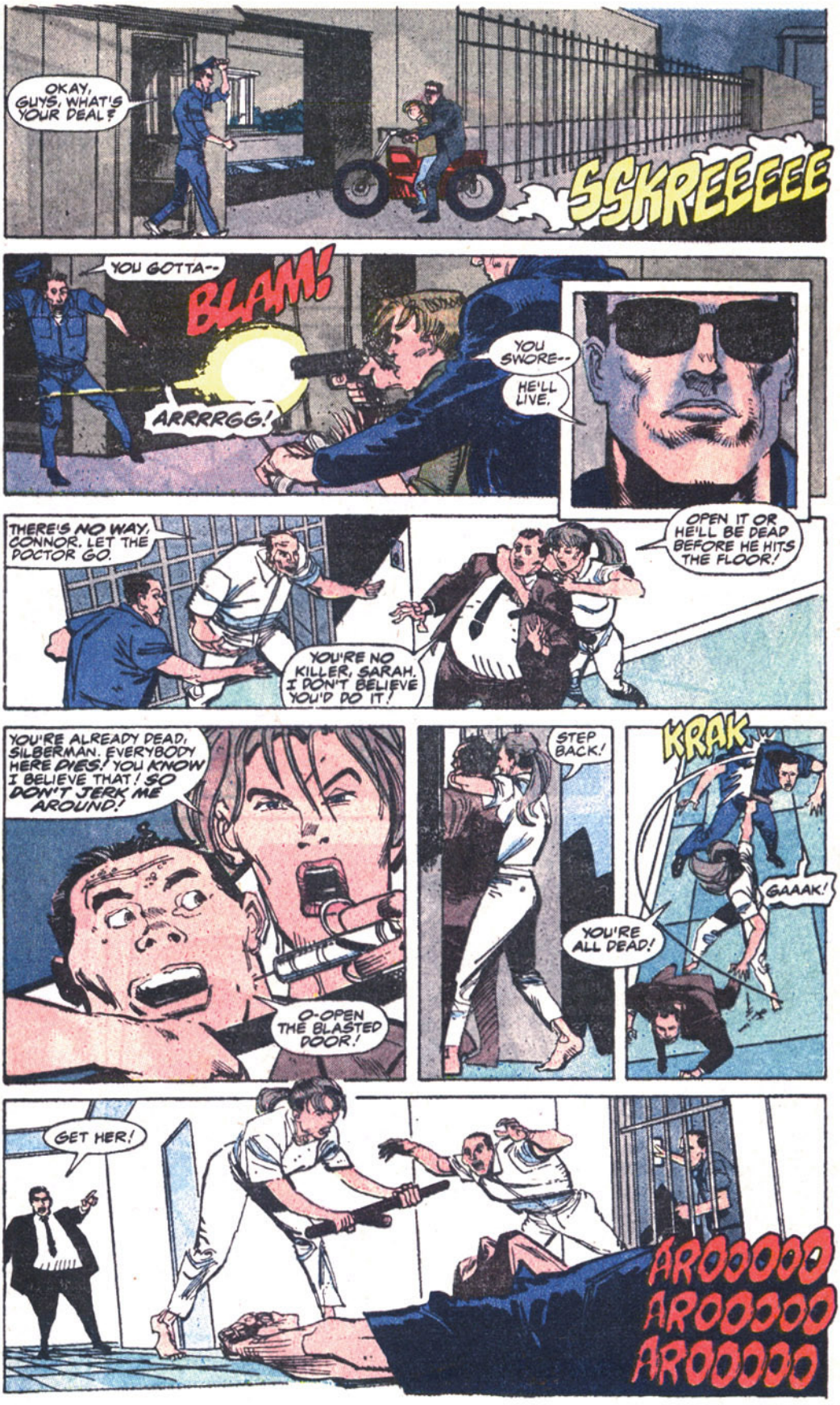
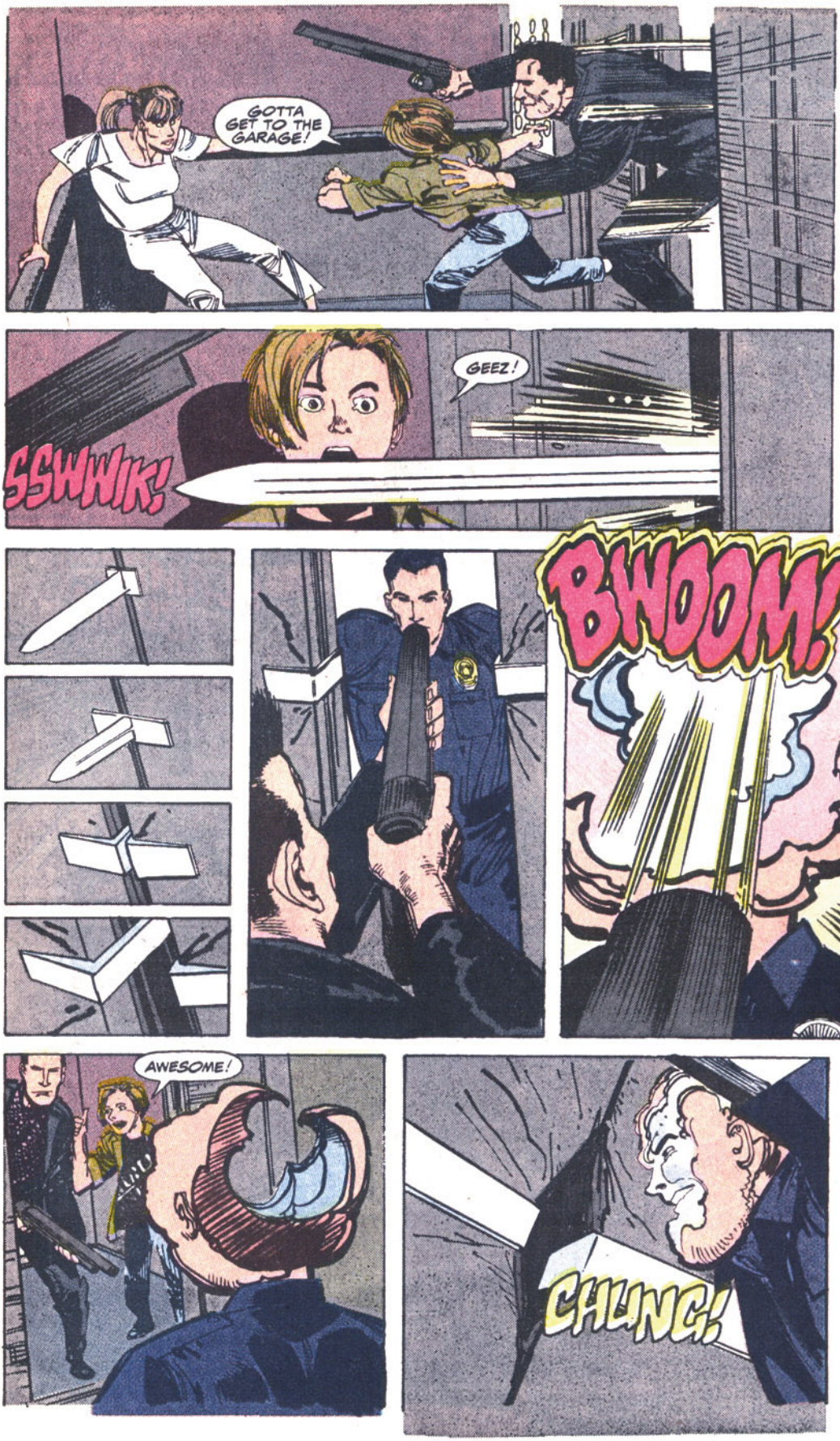

PRESENT DAY.
3 BILLION LIVES ENDED ON AUGUST 29TH, 1997. THE SURVIVORS LIVED TO FACE A NIGHTMARE... THE WAR AGAINST THE MACHINES.
SKYNET, THE COMPUTER WHICH CONTROLLED THE MACHINES, SENT TWO TERMINATORS BACK THROUGH TIME. THEIR MISSION: TO DESTROY THE LEADER OF THE HUMAN RESISTANCE... JOHN CONNOR... MY SON.
THE FIRST TERMINATOR STRUCK IN 1984, BEFORE JOHN WAS BORN... IT FAILED.
THE SECOND WAS SET TO STRIKE AT JOHN HIMSELF WHEN HE WAS STILL A CHILD, AS BEFORE. THE RESISTANCE WAS ABLE TO SEND A LONE WARRIOR: A PROTECTOR FOR JOHN.
WHILE THE SECOND TERMINATOR WAS CLOSING IN ON THEM, JOHN AND HIS PROTECTOR SET OUT ON A SUICIDAL MISSION...
...TO BREAK ME OUT OF THE PESCADERO STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.
NOW REMEMBER, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL ANYONE, RIGHT?
RIGHT.
WHAT?
I SWEAR I WON'T KILL ANYONE.
SWEAR.
JUST SWEAR YOU WON'T KILL ANYONE!


OKAY, GUYS, WHAT'S YOUR DEAL?
SSKREEEEE
YOU GOTTA--
BLAM!
ARRRRGG!
YOU SWORE--
HE'LL LIVE.
THERE'S NO WAY, CONNOR. LET THE DOCTOR GO.
OPEN IT OR HE'LL BE DEAD BEFORE HE HITS THE FLOOR!
YOU'RE NO KILLER, SARAH. I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'D DO IT.
YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD, SILBERMAN. EVERYBODY HERE DIES! YOU KNOW I BELIEVE THAT! SO DON'T JERK ME AROUND!
O-OPEN THE BLASTED DOOR!
STEP BACK!
YOU'RE ALL DEAD!
KRAK
GAAAK!
GET HER!
AROOOOO
AROOOOO
AROOOOO

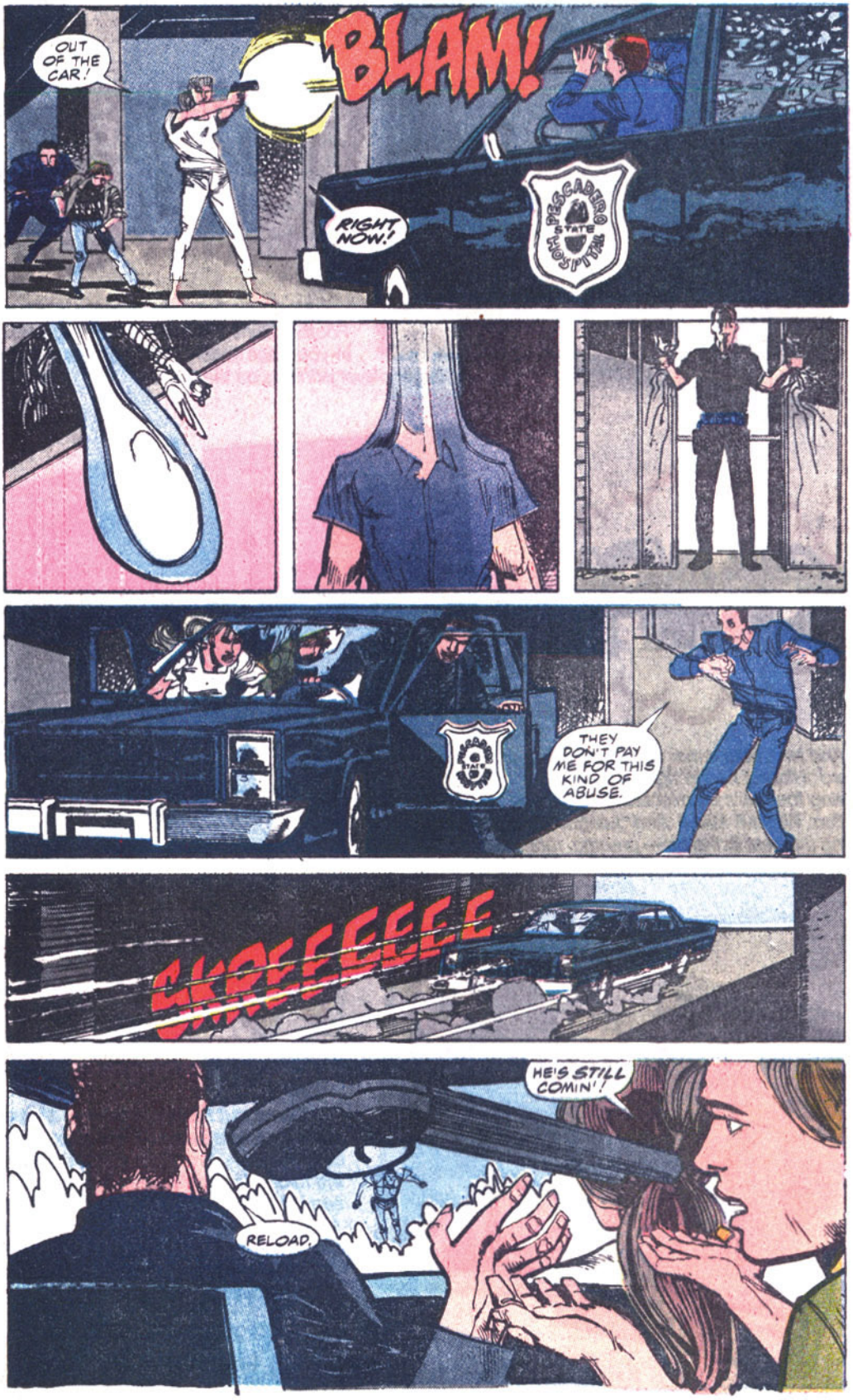
WE GOT YOU NOW, BABY!
C'MON! OPEN!
KA-KUNK
ELEVATORS!
SLAM!
AROOO AROOOO
NO! NOT YOU--
NOOOOO...!
MOM! WAIT!

JOHN?
OOOOF!
NO! HELP ME! IT'S GOING TO KILL US ALL!
RELAX, SARAH!
HUUULLPH!
WHAMMPCH
SKEESHH
Y-Y-YOU CAN'T BE H-HUMAN--
WHAMM
MOM? ARE YOU OKAY?
COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LIVE.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MOM. THIS TERMINATOR'S HERE TO HELP.

CHECK OUT THAT COP-- SOMETHING'S WEIRD ABOUT HIM!
GET BEHIND ME, JOHN!
SShhhhIIIIpppp!!
GO! RUN!
KPOW! KPOW! KPOW! KPOW!
WUP
WUP WUP
BWOOM BWOOM BWOOM
KPOW! KPOW!
KLIK KLIK

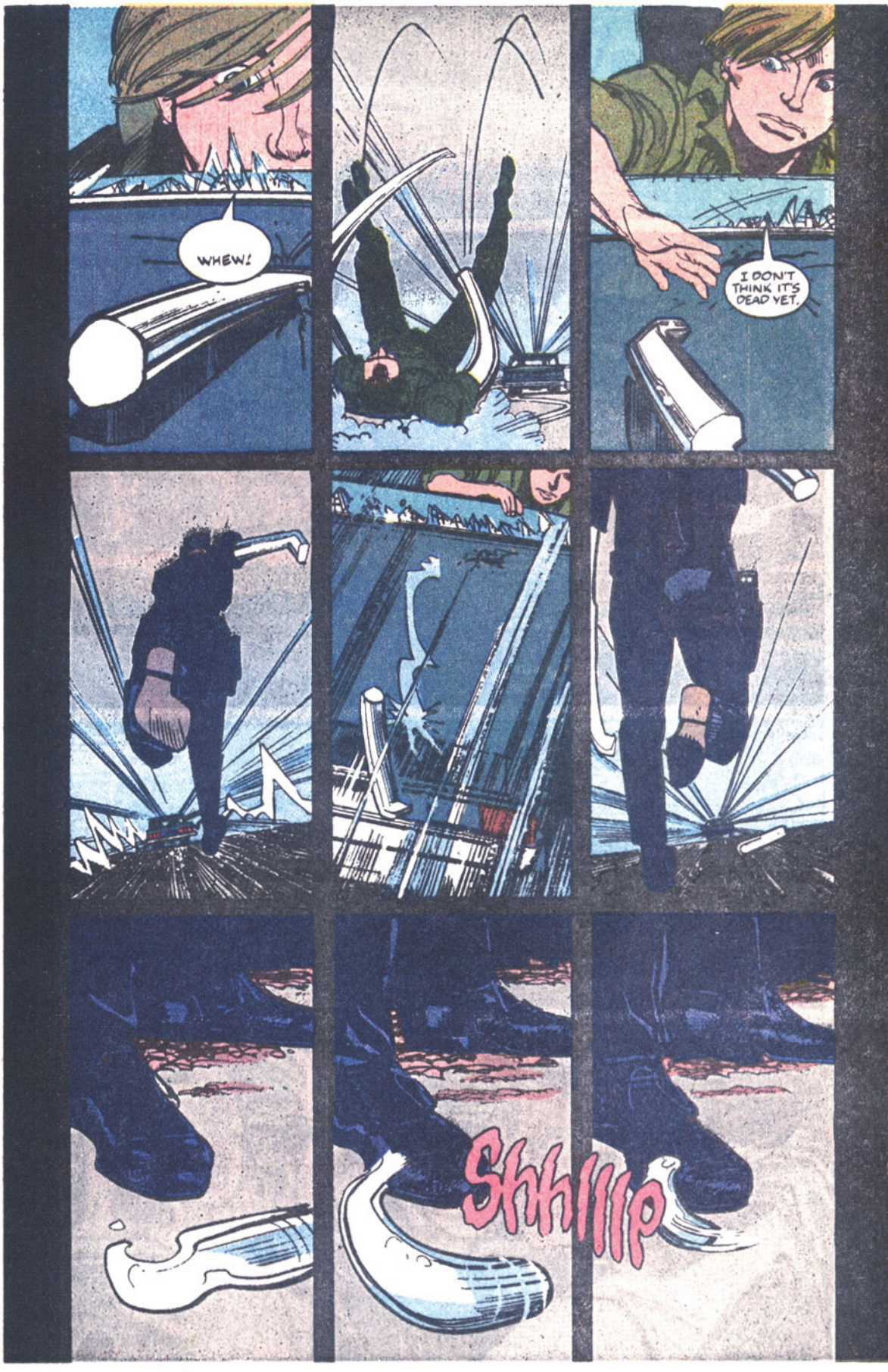

GOTTA GET TO THE GARAGE!
GEEZ!
SSWWIK!
BWOOM!
AWESOME!
CHUNG!

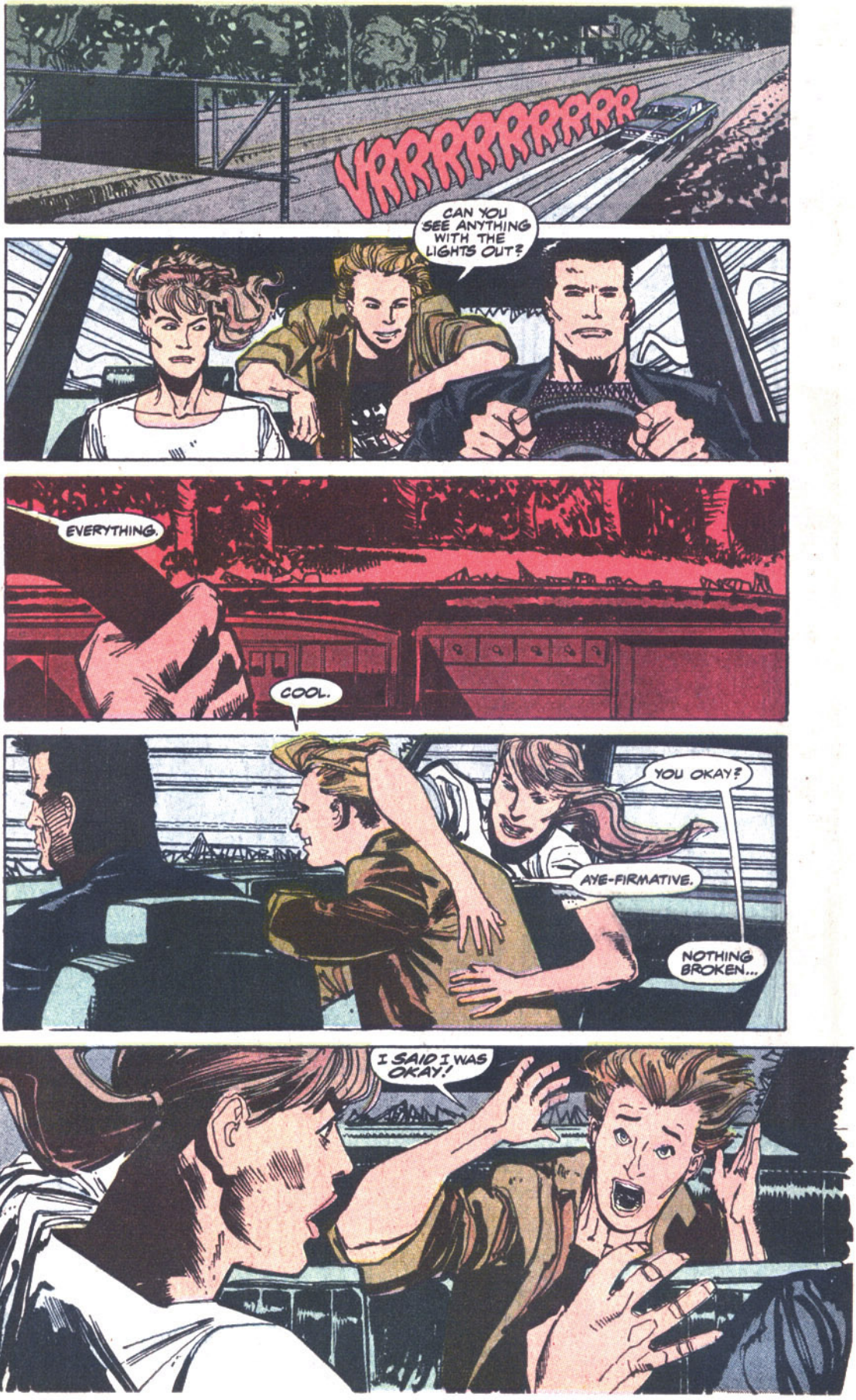
WHANG
WHUD!
CHK
SHAK
SSWHKK
BLAM!
BLAM!
BWOOM
BLAM
BLAM
C'MON!!
SECURE
TRANSPORTATION!

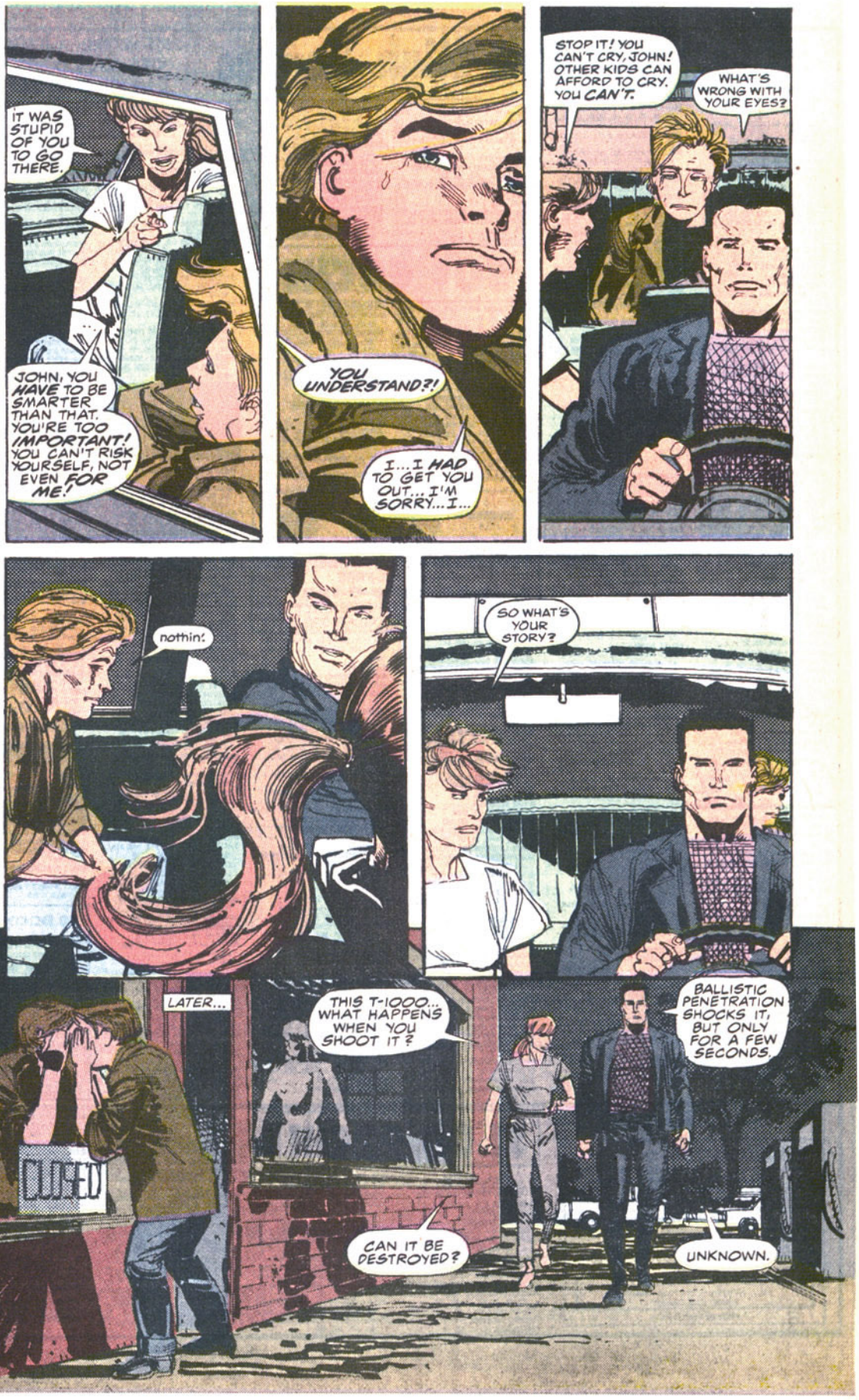

OUT OF THE CAR!
BLAM!
RIGHT NOW!
PESCADERO STATE HOSPITAL
THEY DON'T PAY ME FOR THIS KIND OF ABUSE.
SKREEEEEE
HE'S STILL COMIN'!
RELOAD.

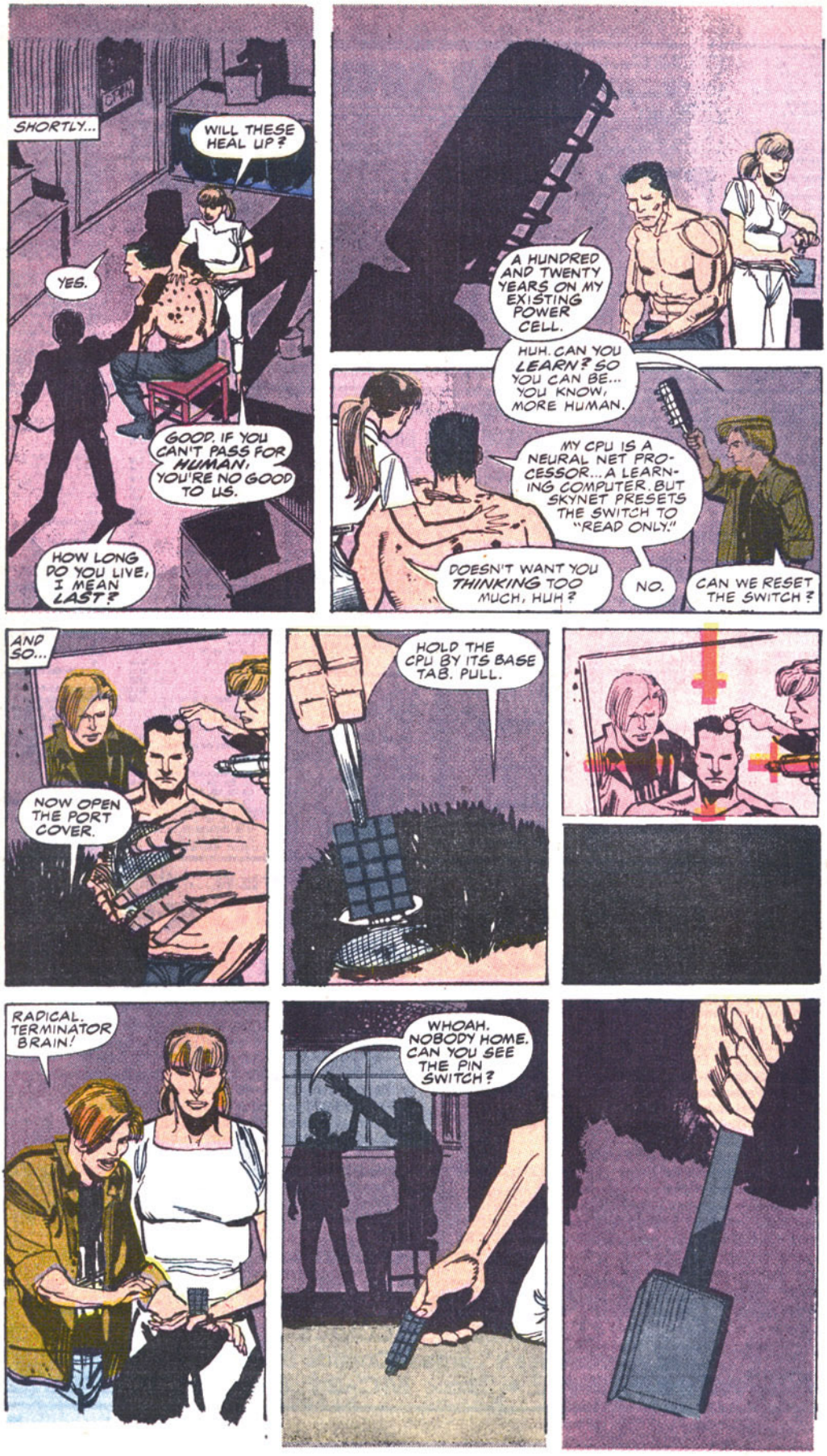
VRRRRMMM
HERE!
HANG ON!
BWOOM!
FWAAM
ENTRANCE
SKREEEE
WUNK!
WE GOT COMPANY!

KREESH!
WHOAH!
BWOOM!
SPLATCH

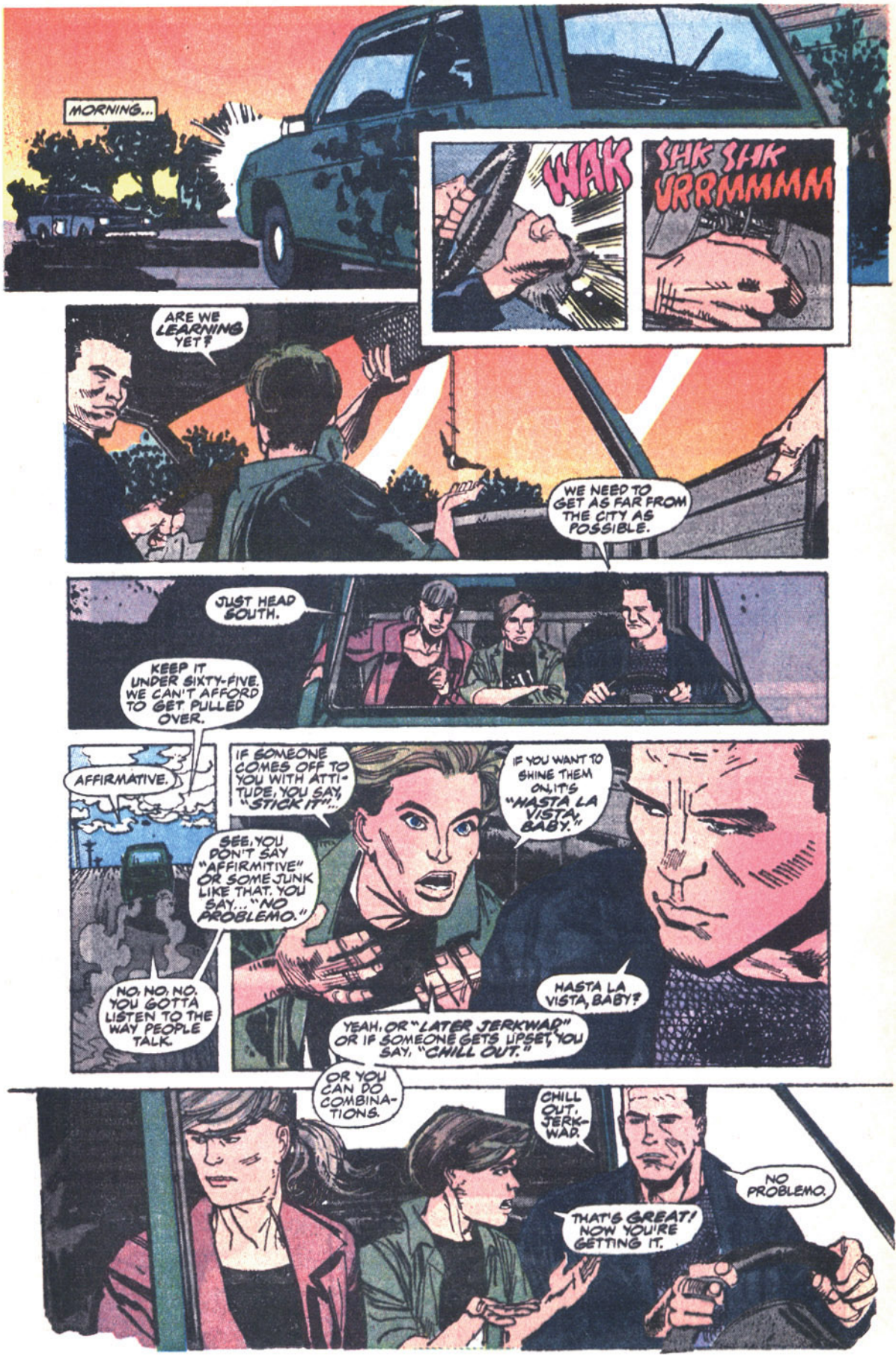

WHEW!
I DON'T THINK IT'S DEAD YET.
Shhllp

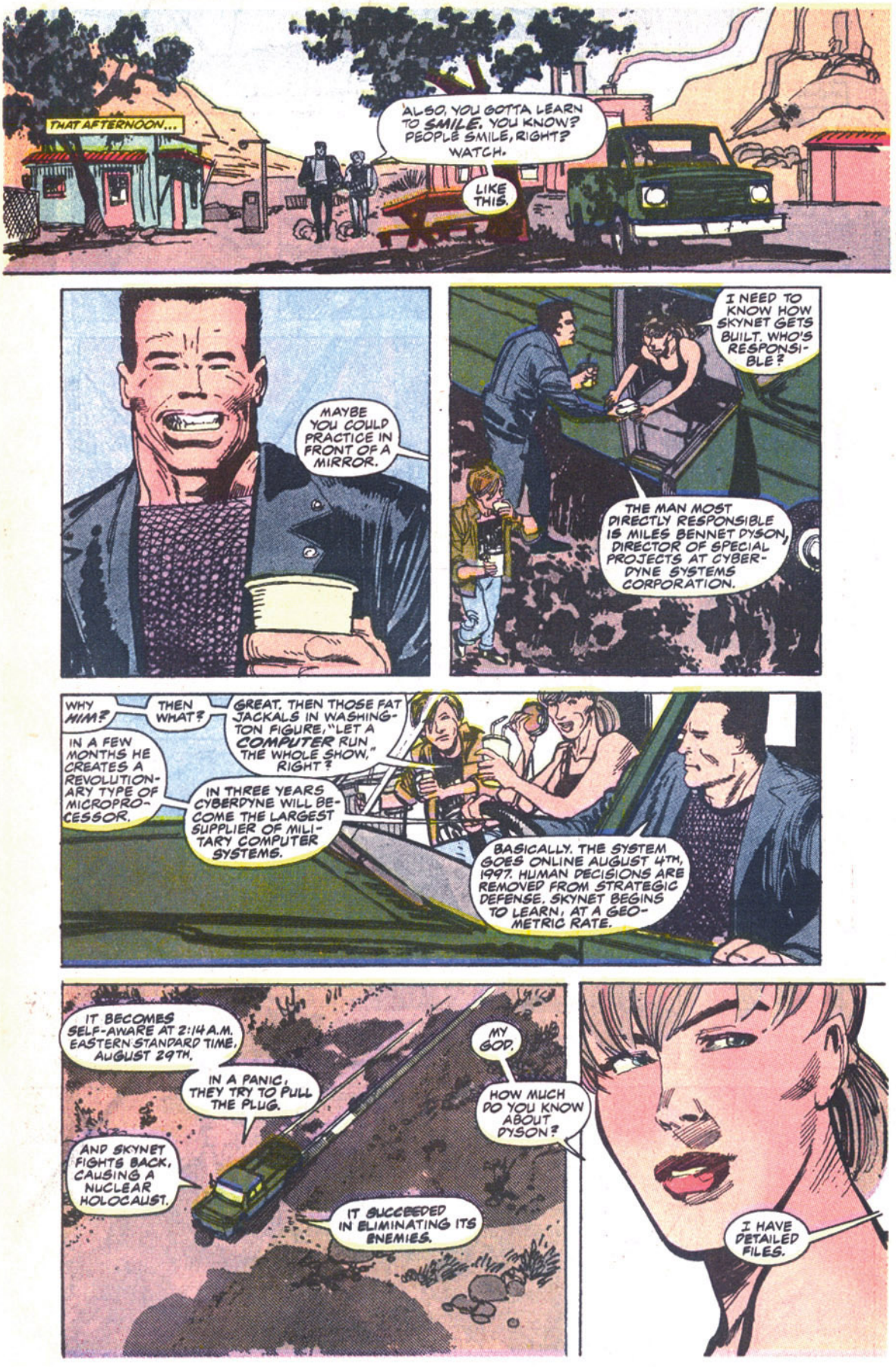

VRRRRRRRRRR
CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING WITH THE LIGHTS OUT?
EVERYTHING.
COOL.
YOU OKAY?
AYE-FIRMATIVE.
NOTHING BROKEN...
I SAID I WAS OKAY!

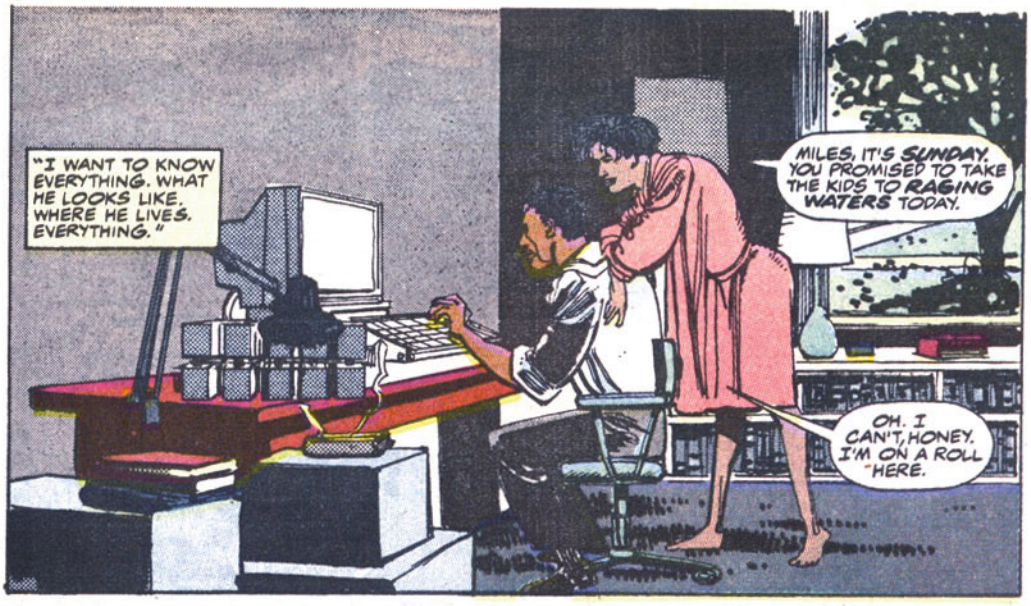

IT WAS STUPID OF YOU TO GO THERE.
JOHN, YOU HAVE TO BE SMARTER THAN THAT. YOU'RE TOO IMPORTANT! YOU CAN'T RISK YOURSELF, NOT EVEN FOR ME!
YOU UNDERSTAND?!
I... I HAD TO GET YOU OUT... I'M SORRY... I...
STOP IT! YOU CAN'T CRY, JOHN! OTHER KIDS CAN AFFORD TO CRY. YOU CAN'T.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR EYES?
nothin'.
SO WHAT'S YOUR STORY?
LATER...
THIS T-1000... WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU SHOOT IT?
BALLISTIC PENETRATION SHOCKS IT, BUT ONLY FOR A FEW SECONDS.
CAN IT BE DESTROYED?
UNKNOWN.


SHORTLY...
WILL THESE HEAL UP?
YES.
GOOD. IF YOU CAN'T PASS FOR HUMAN, YOU'RE NO GOOD TO US.
HOW LONG DO YOU LIVE, I MEAN LAST?
A HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS ON MY EXISTING POWER CELL.
HUH. CAN YOU LEARN? SO YOU CAN BE... YOU KNOW, MORE HUMAN.
MY CPU IS A NEURAL NET PROCESSOR... A LEARNING COMPUTER. BUT SKYNET PRESETS THE SWITCH TO "READ ONLY."
DOESN'T WANT YOU THINKING TOO MUCH, HUH?
NO.
CAN WE RESET THE SWITCH?
AND SO...
NOW OPEN THE PORT COVER.
HOLD THE CPU BY ITS BASE TAB. PULL.
RADICAL. TERMINATOR BRAIN!
WHOAH. NOBODY HOME. CAN YOU SEE THE PIN SWITCH?

NO!
OUT OF THE WAY, JOHN.
NO! DON'T KILL HIM.
IT, JOHN. NOT HIM. IT!
ALL RIGHT, IT. WE NEED IT!
WE'RE BETTER OFF BY OURSELVES.
BUT IT'S THE ONLY PROOF WE HAVE OF THE FUTURE...
...ABOUT THE WAR AND ALL THAT...
I DON'T TRUST IT! THESE THINGS ARE HARD TO KILL-- WE MAY NEVER--
LOOK, MOM, IF I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THIS GREAT LEADER, YOU SHOULD START LISTENING TO MY LEADERSHIP IDEAS. 'CAUSE IF YOU DON'T, NOBODY ELSE WILL!
TEK
CHK
WRRMMMMM
WAS THERE A PROBLEM?
NO PROBLEM. NONE WHATSOEVER.


MORNING...
WAK
SHK SHK VRRMMMM
ARE WE LEARNING YET?
WE NEED TO GET AS FAR FROM THE CITY AS POSSIBLE.
JUST HEAD SOUTH.
KEEP IT UNDER SIXTY-FIVE. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO GET PULLED OVER.
AFFIRMATIVE.
IF SOMEONE COMES OFF TO YOU WITH ATTITUDE, YOU SAY, "STICK IT"...
IF YOU WANT TO SHINE THEM ON, IT'S "HASTA LA VISTA, BABY."
SEE, YOU DON'T SAY "AFFIRMITIVE" OR SOME JUNK LIKE THAT. YOU SAY... "NO PROBLEMO."
NO, NO, NO. YOU GOTTA LISTEN TO THE WAY PEOPLE TALK.
HASTA LA VISTA, BABY?
YEAH, OR "LATER JERKWAD" OR IF SOMEONE GETS UPSET, YOU SAY, "CHILL OUT."
OR YOU CAN DO COMBINATIONS.
CHILL OUT, JERKWAD.
NO PROBLEMO.
THAT'S GREAT! NOW YOU'RE GETTING IT.


THAT AFTERNOON...
ALSO, YOU GOTTA LEARN TO SMILE. YOU KNOW? PEOPLE SMILE, RIGHT? WATCH.
LIKE THIS.
MAYBE YOU COULD PRACTICE IN FRONT OF A MIRROR.
I NEED TO KNOW HOW SKYNET GETS BUILT. WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?
THE MAN MOST DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE IS MILES BENNET DYSON, DIRECTOR OF SPECIAL PROJECTS AT CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS CORPORATION.
WHY HIM?
THEN WHAT?
GREAT. THEN THOSE FAT JACKALS IN WASHINGTON FIGURE, "LET A COMPUTER RUN THE WHOLE SHOW," RIGHT?
IN A FEW MONTHS HE CREATES A REVOLUTIONARY TYPE OF MICROPROCESSOR.
IN THREE YEARS CYBERDYNE WILL BECOME THE LARGEST SUPPLIER OF MILITARY COMPUTER SYSTEMS.
BASICALLY, THE SYSTEM GOES ONLINE AUGUST 4TH, 1997. HUMAN DECISIONS ARE REMOVED FROM STRATEGIC DEFENSE. SKYNET BEGINS TO LEARN, AT A GEOMETRIC RATE.
IT BECOMES SELF-AWARE AT 2:14 A.M. EASTERN STANDARD TIME, AUGUST 29TH.
IN A PANIC, THEY TRY TO PULL THE PLUG.
AND SKYNET FIGHTS BACK, CAUSING A NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST.
IT SUCCEEDED IN ELIMINATING ITS ENEMIES.
MY GOD.
HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DYSON?
I HAVE DETAILED FILES.

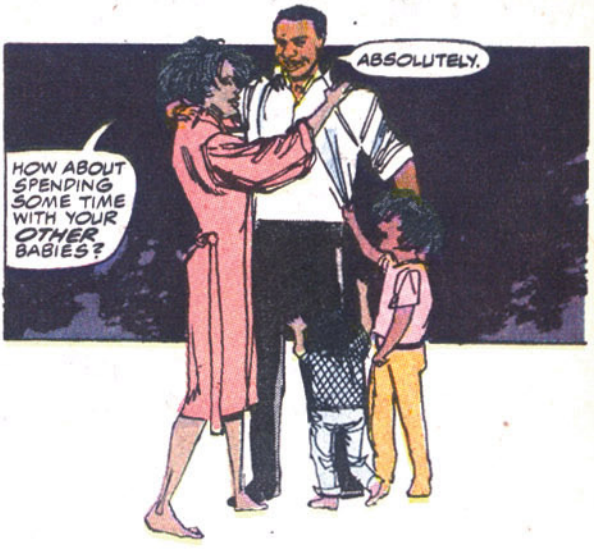

"I WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING. WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE. WHERE HE LIVES. EVERYTHING."
MILES, IT'S SUNDAY. YOU PROMISED TO TAKE THE KIDS TO RAGING WATERS TODAY.
OH. I CAN'T, HONEY. I'M ON A ROLL HERE.

BABY, THIS THING IS GOING TO BLOW 'EM ALL AWAY. IT'S A--
I KNOW. YOU TOLD ME. IT'S A NEURAL-NET PROCESSOR. IT THINKS AND LEARNS LIKE WE DO. OTHER COMPUTERS ARE POCKET CALCULATORS IN COMPARISON.

BUT WHY IS THAT SO IMPORTANT, MILES? I REALLY NEED TO KNOW, 'CAUSE I FEEL LIKE I'M GOING CRAZY HERE, SOMETIMES.
I'M SORRY, HONEY, IT'S JUST THAT I'M THIIIIS CLOSE.

WHY DID YOU MARRY ME, MILES? WHY DID WE HAVE THESE CHILDREN? YOU DON'T NEED US!

YOUR HEART AND MIND ARE IN HERE, IN THIS COMPUTER, BUT IT DOESN'T LOVE YOU LIKE WE DO.
I'M SORRY.


ABSOLUTELY.
HOW ABOUT SPENDING SOME TIME WITH YOUR OTHER BABIES?

CHARON MESA, IN THE DESERT. NEAR THE MEXICAN BORDER.
(GOOD TO SEE YOU, CONNOR. I KNEW YOU'D MAKE IT BACK HERE SOONER OR LATER.)
OYE, BIG JOHN! QUÉ PASA? WHO'S YOUR VERY LARGE FRIEND?
(HE'S COOL, ENRIQUE! HE'S... UH... THIS IS MY UNCLE BOB!)
UNCLE BOB, THIS IS ENRIQUE.
HMM. UNCLE BOB, HUH? OKAY.
SO, SARAHLITA, YOU GETTING FAMOUS, YOU KNOW THAT? ALL OVER THE TV.
I JUST CAME FOR MY STUFF AND I NEED CLOTHES, FOOD, AND ONE OF YOUR TRUCKS.
HEY, HOW ABOUT THE FILLINGS OUT OF MY TEETH WHILE YOU'RE AT IT?
NOW, ENRIQUE!
?
YOU TWO ARE ON WEAPONS DETAIL.
ONE THING ABOUT MY MOM...

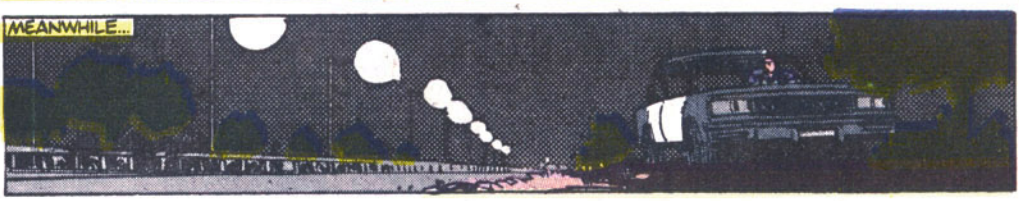
...SHE ALWAYS PLANS AHEAD.
EXCELLENT.
YEAH, I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE THIS PLACE.
THIS IS THE BEST TRUCK.
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS FOR YOU HERE. YOU GET OUT TONIGHT TOO, OKAY?
YEAH, SARAHLITA, SURE. DROP BY ANYTIME AND TOTALLY SCREW UP MY LIFE!
ARE YOU EVER AFRAID OF DYING?
NO. I HAVE TO STAY FUNCTIONAL UNTIL MY MISSION IS COMPLETE. THEN IT DOESN'T MATTER.
YEAH. I HAVE TO STAY FUNCTIONAL, TOO. I'M "TOO IMPORTANT."
IT'S DEFINITELY YOU.
THERE WAS THIS ONE GUY MOM WAS WITH WHO WAS COOL. HE TAUGHT ME ENGINES. MOM SCREWED IT UP, OF COURSE.
SHE'D MENTION JUDGMENT DAY AND ME BEING THIS GREAT LEADER, AND THAT'D BE ALL SHE WROTE.
TORQUE WRENCH, PLEASE.

HERE. I WISH I COULDA MET MY REAL DAD.
YOU WILL.

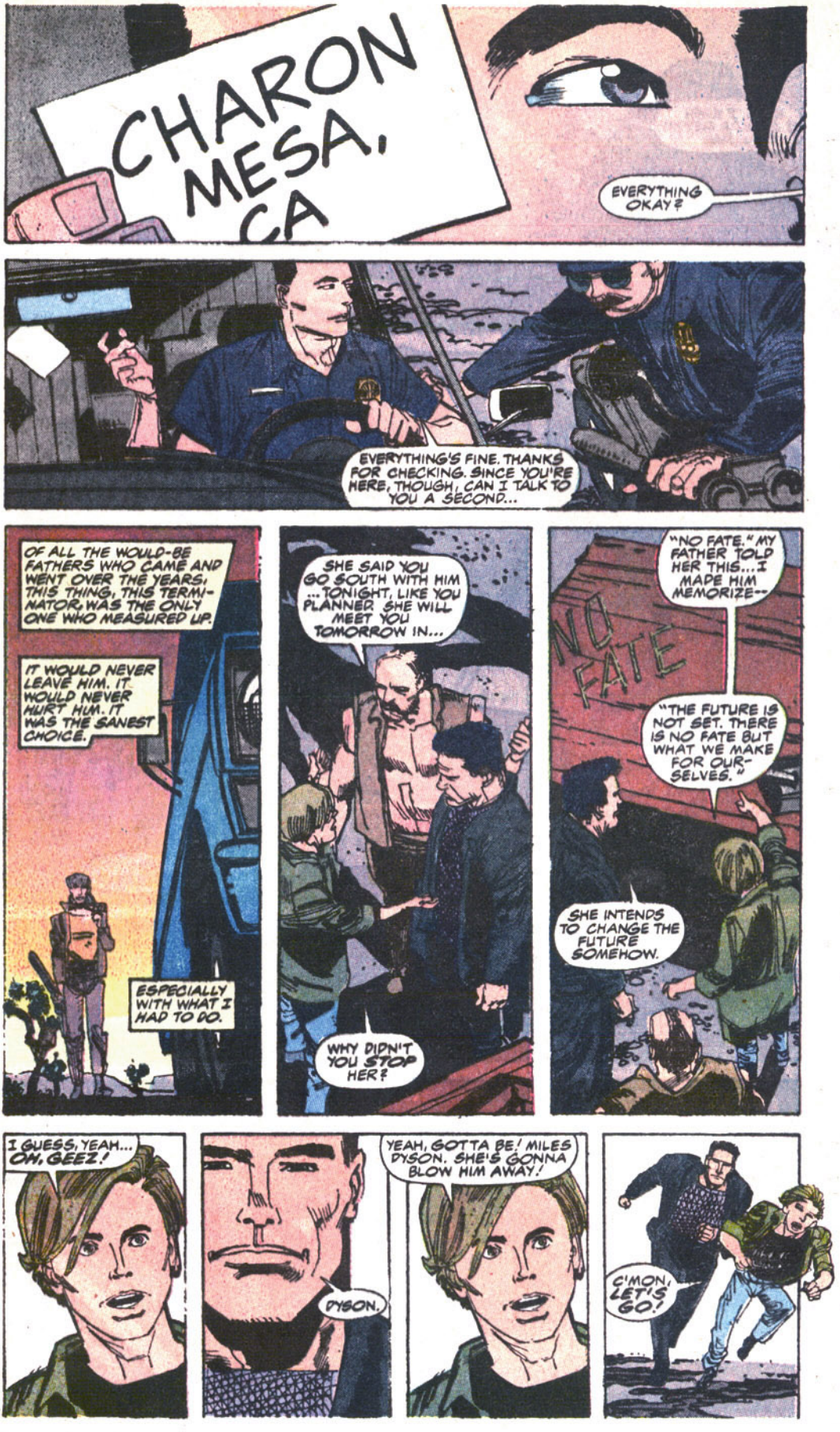
YEAH. I GUESS SO. MOM SAYS WHEN I'M LIKE, 45, I SEND HIM BACK THROUGH TIME.

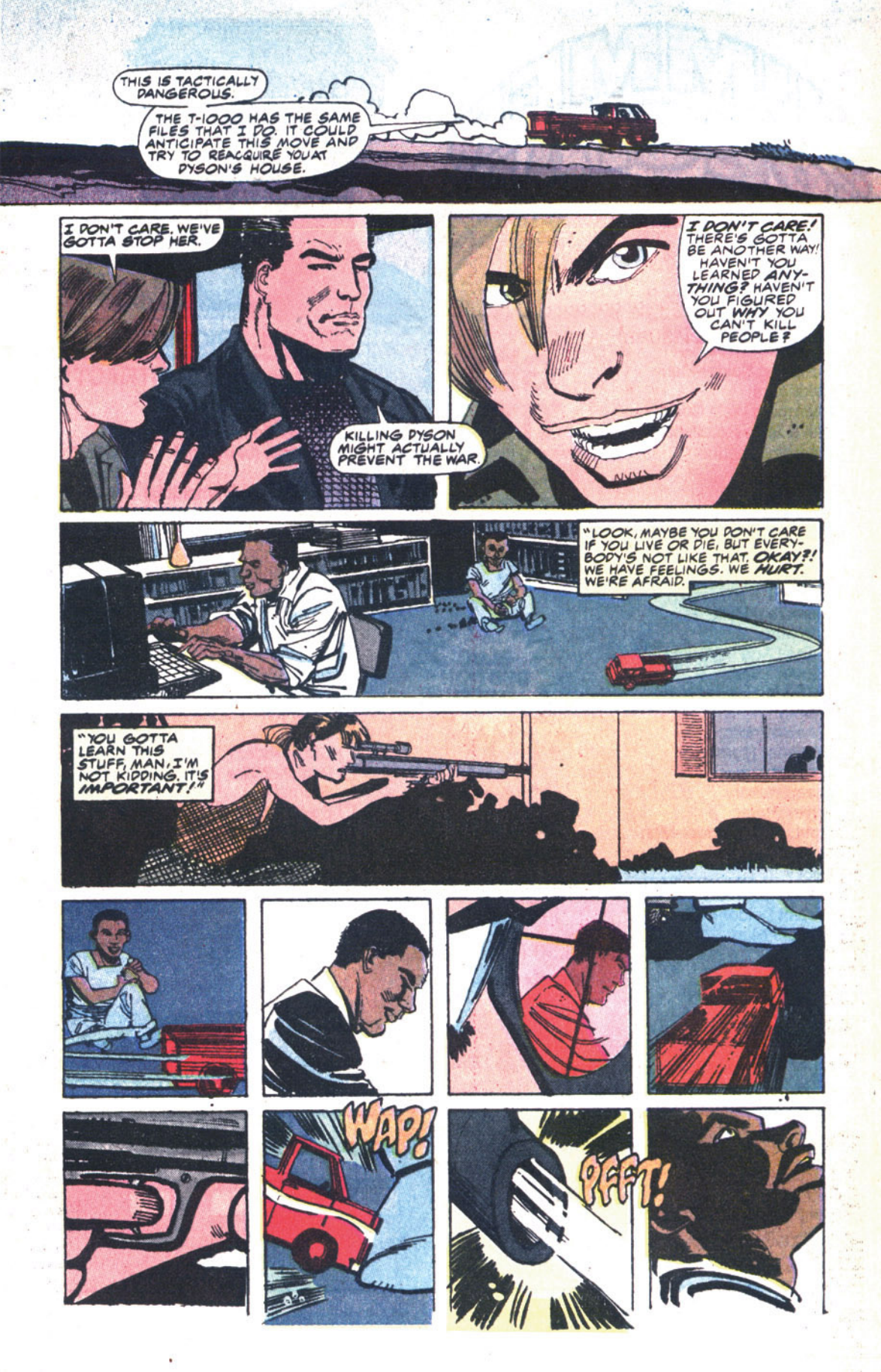
"MOM AND HIM WERE ONLY TOGETHER FOR ONE NIGHT, BUT SHE STILL LOVES HIM I GUESS."

VRRRRMMM
ALL RIGHT! MY MAN!
NO PROBLEMO.


MEANWHILE...

...IF WE EVER GET SEPARATED AND CAN'T MAKE CONTACT, GO TO ENRIQUES AIRSTRIP I'LL RENDEZVOUS WITH YOU THERE.
CHARON MESA. CA
HOWDY. I SAW YOU PULLED OVER HERE EARLIER.


CHARON MESA, CA
EVERYTHING OKAY?
EVERYTHING'S FINE, THANKS FOR CHECKING. SINCE YOU'RE HERE, THOUGH, CAN I TALK TO YOU A SECOND...
OF ALL THE WOULD-BE FATHERS WHO CAME AND WENT OVER THE YEARS, THIS THING, THIS TERMINATOR, WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO MEASURED UP.
IT WOULD NEVER LEAVE HIM. IT WOULD NEVER HURT HIM. IT WAS THE SANEST CHOICE.
ESPECIALLY WITH WHAT I HAD TO DO.
SHE SAID YOU GO SOUTH WITH HIM ...TONIGHT, LIKE YOU PLANNED. SHE WILL MEET YOU TOMORROW IN...
WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP HER?
NO FATE
"NO FATE." MY FATHER TOLD HER THIS... I MADE HIM MEMORIZE--
"THE FUTURE IS NOT SET. THERE IS NO FATE BUT WHAT WE MAKE FOR OURSELVES."
SHE INTENDS TO CHANGE THE FUTURE SOMEHOW.
I GUESS, YEAH... OH, GEEZ!
DYSON.
YEAH, GOTTA BE! MILES DYSON. SHE'S GONNA BLOW HIM AWAY!
C'MON, LET'S GO!


THIS IS TACTICALLY DANGEROUS.
THE T-1000 HAS THE SAME FILES THAT I DO. IT COULD ANTICIPATE THIS MOVE AND TRY TO REACQUIRE YOU AT DYSON'S HOUSE.
I DON'T CARE. WE'VE GOTTA STOP HER.
KILLING DYSON MIGHT ACTUALLY PREVENT THE WAR.
I DON'T CARE! THERE'S GOTTA BE ANOTHER WAY! HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED ANY-THING? HAVEN'T YOU FIGURED OUT WHY YOU CAN'T KILL PEOPLE?
"LOOK, MAYBE YOU DON'T CARE IF YOU LIVE OR DIE, BUT EVERY-BODY'S NOT LIKE THAT. OKAY?! WE HAVE FEELINGS. WE HURT. WE'RE AFRAID.
"YOU GOTTA LEARN THIS STUFF, MAN, I'M NOT KIDDING. IT'S IMPORTANT!"
WAP!
PFFT!